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THE
ENCOMIUM,
A
POEM:

Humbly Inscrib'd to

The Right Honorable the Lord High
Chancellor of *Great Britain*.

Occasion'd chiefly by

The **SUCCESSES** of the Last Campaign, and his
Lordship's **SPEECH** thereupon to his Grace the Duke of
MARLBOROUGH in the *House of Lords*, by Order of that
Illustrious Assembly.

*Qua Cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium,
Plenis Honorum Muneribus tuas
——— Virtutes in ævum
Per Titulos memoresque fastos
Æternæ? ——— Hor.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Darby in *Bartbolomew-Close*, and sold
by J. Morphew near *Stationers-Hall*. 1710.

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L O N D O N

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by J. Moberg near St. Dunstons-Hall 1710.



The ENCOMIUM: *A Poem.*

LONG has injurious Satyr vex'd the Town,
 And lately Brightest Characters run down;
 Or the Pen rather from all Rule broke loose,
 With full Design to blacken and traduce,
 But Ink alone, tho' it may Paper stain,
 Cast on a Mirrour will wipe off again:
 And what wou'd Dirt on Fairest Merit fling,
 Is merely Libel without Teeth or Sting,
 But my well-natur'd Verse shall honour Those
 (That fall within her Verge) aspers'd in Prose.
 For if Lampoon Mens. Frailties must pursue,
 Encomiums are to their Perfections due:
 And since Encomium is my Aim, I must
 To MARLBOROUGH'S Perfections first be just;
 Tho' These, and his Achievements all along,
 Will be the copious Matter of my Song,
 Oh! cou'd my Muse but touch the warbling Lyre
 With that nice Skill the Subject does require,
 How proud she'd be, prouder than MARLBRO' is
 Of his reiterated Victories.
 Again, Britannia saw him lately come
 (His Warlike Toil surceas'd) triumphant home,
 Crown'd with fresh Laurels; and the Common Foe
 An Annual Humbling forc'd to undergo,
 Now she beholds her Awful Senate met,
 To pass th' inactive Winter in debate,

How to promote her Peace, frame wholesom Laws,
And vig'rously push on the *Common Cause*.

Britain ne'er knew, till she had try'd, her *Strength*,
Or *Purse's Depth*: A War, twice told the length
Of *Ancient Troy's*; the latter cannot drain,
Nor hurt the first the Pow'r of *France* and *Spain*.

Far from becoming by large Taxes poor,

She to her usual Subsidies adds more,

As if to give did but increase her Store.

Renown'd *Augusta* does as freely lend,

Displays that Mass of Wealth that knows no end:

Augusta to Good Queens a never-failing Friend.

The *Generous Merchant*, and Close-fisted Jew,

The *Usurer*, both lend with different View:

In contemplation That of *Publick Good*,

This (that such Notions never understood)

In view of *Private Interest* does accord

To take without a Pawn the Nation's Word.

She gives, These lend, both trusting to his Care

By whom the *Publick Funds* directed are:

A Treasurer that wou'd be wrong'd, compar'd

With Him whom our Progenitors rever'd.

Peace then to *Burleigh's* Name, *Old England's* Pride;

A Greater now does where He did preside.

GODOLPHIN's vast Abilities were known,

Long e'er he rul'd the Treasury alone:

Known too, as well is his unweary'd Zeal

For *ANNA's* Glory and his Country's Weal;

Himself sustaining no less weighty Load

Of Cares at home than *MARLBRO'* does abroad.

HARK! the blith Songsters of the Woods begin
With vernal Airs long Days to usher in:

Dame Nature to assume a youthful Mien,

To cast her Winter Weeds, and put on Green:

Trees bud, Flow'rs knit, the Meads that Verdure yield,

That re-invites the Warrior to the Field;

And

And Preparations, ominous to *France*
 And *Philip*, with redoubl'd speed advance.
MARLBRO' returns, and t' our **DEMANDS** will bring
 By Force, if Treaty fails, th' Old Wiley King.
 In vain He the Battoon of Chief Command
 Transfers from one t' another luckless Hand;
 From such a Change no Satisfaction's found,
 But to behold his Chiefs defeated round:
 If One alone that Destiny withstood,
 'Tis owing purely to his *British* Blood.
 The rest in *Harmless* Threats whole Summers spend,
 Boasting one Year what they the next intend;
 Yet can't their Troops protect one single Town,
 When **MARLBRO'** once has mark'd it for His own:
 But from their Frontiers nearer home retreat,
 To shelter from Insults th' Imperial Seat.
 So when all-conqu'ring Death has struck his Prey;
 The Spirits, as he onward works his way,
 Leave numm'd the Limbs, expos'd each outward Part,
 And hasten to sustain Life's Citadel, the Heart.

O THOU, less Great in Title than in Worth!
 What Muse can fully set thy *Vertue* forth?
 Grossly those err'd that pictur'd Fortune blind,
 She saw when she to favour Thee inclin'd;
 Saw Justice, Wisdom, Magnanimity,
 And Temp'rance, **MARLBOROUGH**, concur in Thee.
 Private Desert can only inward shine,
 And those that have it benefit: but Thine
 The Pow'r that form'd, and stamp'd Thee Great, design'd
 Shou'd Thee not only profit, but Mankind;
 Shine, like Day's Luminary, and dispense
 To Nations round its Vital Influence.
 Its Luster I unable to sustain,
 Only presume to sing the last Campaign;
 Lest if the Peace that's rumour'd, close pursue
 Thy Victorys, Peace, as a Topick new,
 Divert the Muse's Thanks for late Successes due.

URANIA! First of the Melodious Nine,
 And, as thy Name imports, of Source Divine:
 Thou! that on Holy Things art most intent
 (For what's Heav'n-born is ever Heav'n-ward bent)
 Yet to Mankind benign, do'st condescend
 Th' Affairs of Kings and Heroes to intend,
 As kin to Heav'n: Aid thou my vent'rous Song!
 But if the Theme to other Hand belong,
 As fitter, say to whom wilt Thou impart
 So vast a Portion of thy Sacred Art,
 As may suffice in Measures that excel
 Of Obstinate *Tournay* and *Mons* subdu'd to tell:
 Camps regularly fortify'd compel'd,
 And Troops, chin-deep intrench'd, dislodg'd and after quell'd:
 Who (to sum up the Wonders of the Year)
 Shall sing th' Important Battel of * *Taniere*;
 immortalize those Heroes that survive,
 And make the Dead again in deathless Numbers live?
 What Artist shall (that Britons all may know
 What to their Gallant Countrymen they owe)
 Display the Field in such a lively hiew,
 As makes the Reader the Spectator too?
 Methinks I hear (the Goddess now alarms
 My Breast, and with unwonted Ardour warms)
 Loud deaf'ning Peals of Ordnance; and see
 Platoons discharge their small Artillery:
 Drums beat, and Trumpets shrill Defiance sound,
 Now Balls of *Missive* *Ruin* whiz around:
 Anon whole Squadrons and Brigades engage,
 Wheel off a while, and then with double Rage
 Renew the Charge. Anon the dusty Plain
 Is strew'd with Carcases of Thousands slain,
 And wounded more: O'er both with heedless Tread
 Intrepid Bands by Chiefs more fearless led,
 Urge on thro curling Smoke and bickering Flame,
 Encount'ring present Death for future Fame.

* So call'd in the Gazette.

Sore press'd, the Adverse Host (their Lodgments won)
 From Ruin faster than to promis'd Victory run;
 Slain those that stood, the rest soon disappear;
 The Conquerors pursue their broken Rear.
 And now—— Serene and clear the troubl'd Sky,
 See Friend and Foe together quiet lie,
 Promiscuous Rout: Ah! what a Harvest reaps
 Their Common Enemy of slaughter'd Heaps,
 Now reconcil'd?—— Sure this is Vision—— No,
 'Tis real all—— The *Gaul* has found it so;
 And doubly rues this last disastrous Blow.

BUT here the Goddess quits the Gorey Plain,
 Shock'd at the sight of so funest a Scene,
 Let then His Muse, that Death in every Form
 Beheld when BRITONS Schellenburgh did storm;
 A Muse that can like *British* Courage dare,
 For the like Subject once again prepare.
 But ah! The Glories of one Grand Campaign
 Seem t' have exhausted *Addison's* rich Vein:
 Or, as his Ground a while the frugal Swain
 Lets fallow lie in hopes of treble Gain;
 So by his fertile Muse has *Addison*,
 In hopes of equal Reputation, done.
Garth too has Force, and, Time allow'd, as well
 Of real as mock Skirmishes cou'd tell;
 But, doubly to the *Delphick* God ally'd,
 Against the *Python* chiefly is employ'd:
 Apt Hieroglyphick of each deadly Ill
 Its Bane receiving from his Art and Skill;
 While his Prescriptions (equal to his Lays)
 Relieve as surely as the other please.
Pindar's Judicious Imitator now
 Seems to have torn the Laurel from his Brow;
 The Town wou'd pardon that, if once again
 He'd but exert his Force in Comick Scene:
 But till another Victory as loud
 As *Blenheim* calls, *Spencer's* has Silence vow'd.

These

These Bards of indisputed Worth I name,
 Nor those depreciate of inferiour Fame:
 To do them right, MARLBORO's resistless Sword
 Much faster conquers than they can record.
 Afresh large Towns and Provinces are won,
 Before a labour'd Poem's well begun;
 Swift of Dispatch as sure, so Julius fought,
 Went, Saw, and Overcame as quick as Thought:
 Contemporary Pens cou'd not endite
 So fast as with his Sword he did his Annals write.

SINCE then the Greatest Bards have Silence chose,
 Let Rhime give place to no less Tuneful Prose.
 A Sage adorns, and o'er this happy Isle
 Presides, auspicious to his Native Soil,
 As Prime in Equity: He once before
 By Publick Voice address'd the Conqueror,
 Harmonious COWPER, who in artful Strain
 Lately pronounc'd his Eulogy again.
 In Congress as of Demi-Gods conven'd
 At Jove's, as at his || Proxy's high Command
 Britannick Peers, see MARLBOROUGH receive
 Acknowledgments as large as lavish Wish cou'd crave.
 Now nothing but an Universal Peace,
 As the War Glorious, can that Fame increase,
 That does to such a pitch already soar,
 As in a Subject it ne'er did before.
 Indulgent Heav'n in Great ELIZA's Reign
 Might raise a Vere to mortify Proud Spain,
 Or Drake to spread her Glory o'er the Main:
 But Greater ANNA's Fame that Element
 Cannot confine; Heav'n has a MARLBORO' sent,
 T' extend it thro the spacious Continent;
 The Greatest Subject any Age has seen,
 To grace the Annals of the Greatest QUEEN.
 So Drusus——But of him what need to tell,
 Unless the Roman Chief cou'd Britain's parallel?

|| Vid. The Motto of her Majesty's Coronation-Medal, Vicem gerit Illa Tonantis.

Aburd to set off greater things by less; yet the
And MARLBRO' only shines in the midst of the

HOW after Glory Gallant Minds aspire,
How does the Dazling Prize the Soldier fire,
How does the Man that has acquir'd it, stand
With Honour Death, without it Life is vain;
Nothing more dreading than to have his Name
Soil'd with degrading Obscurity and Shame,
Glory's fell Opposites. The General,
The Subaltern, nay private Centinel
(Midst that Destruction murderous Engines rain)
His own small Spark of Glory will maintain;
Fix'd to his Post till he's reliev'd or slain;
Glory's a Lure to vulgar Minds unknown,
Relish'd but by her Votarys alone.
See the Brave Volunteer, that might whole Days
And Years consume in Luxury and Ease,
Lest Vertue shou'd his Insolence reproach,
At Honour's Summons, quit his downy Couch,
The Town, the Court; nay spring from Cæsar's Arms,
Insensible of ought but Glory's brighter Charms.
Say not, the Cause of Liberty alone
Our Dauntless Troops to Victory urg'd on;
The Nymph has Charms; but view the Field agen,
And own those Britons something more than Men,
That won the Day: yet none wou'd venture Life
For her alone in such unequal Scife.
Naught but an ardent Thirst of Fame, unquench'd
But by Fruition, Armys so engag'd
Wou'd have engag'd; nor ought have made so bold,
But such Advantage, Troops of Gallick Mould.
Perseus with Monsters enter'd not the List,
Merely to rescue Innocence oppress'd;
Tho the Possession of the Lovely Maid
His Gallantry abundantly o'erpaid:
Yet Glory was, and never-dying Fame,
His principal, if not his only Aim.

BUT yet the Notion has not wrought more Good
 Than fatal Mischicks when misunderstood.
 The Muse two Instances of mighty Kings
 Late fear'd, to prove this bold Assertion brings :
 False Glory, like a wandering Fire, misled
 Into a Labyrinth the Valiant Swede ;
 Made him into the Barbarous North advance,
 In quest of what He'd found in polish'd France.
 Reduc'd by his joint-Arms the Gallick Pow'r,
 As th' *Austrian* by his Warlike Ancestor,
 Eclips'd had been, or dimly shone his Rays,
 Lost and absorb'd in *Charles's* brighter Blaze.
 False Glory, to support her Lust and Pride,
 Squanders, thrice told, what wou'd maintain a Bride ;
 While her Gallant his Vertuous Spouse can see,
 True Honour, sink to Rags and Misery.
 Of nothing can the *Circe* justly boast,
 But of the Lives and Millions she has cost :
 The dreadful Desolation she has brought
 On *France* alone, almost surpasses Thought.
Louis, more harden'd by his Subjects Crys,
 Her Altar heaps with Human Sacrifice.
 What less, while he resolves to starve 'em quite,
 Rather than do his Neighbours common Right ?
 A Litany of Plagues his State infest,
 And grinding Poverty is not the least ;
 And when she once does in the Front appear,
 Pale, Meager Famine marches in the Rear.
 Of all the several Orders of Mankind,
 That Travellers in his Dominions find,
 One only is of late predominant,
 And all the rest includes, the Mendicant.
Louis, 'tis hop'd, e'er long will prove the Head,
 Be forc'd to beg a Peace, as his starv'd Subjects Bread.
 Hoary with Years yet (so his Planets will)
 He's puerile in Understanding still,
 Still hugs the false Applause, that glittering Toy
 Giv'n him when half a Man and half a Boy :

What wou'd impair his Grandeur, disbelieves;
 And to what makes for That, firm Credit gives.
 'Tis hence he's given to believe a Lye,
 And such as broach'd this rank Absurdity,
 " That * Lewis, when his Troops were forc'd to yield,
 " Lost not one inch of Ground, when he had lost the Field.
 Vain-Glory, and immoderate Thirst of Praise,
 That Royal Nursery of Parasites did raise,
 That Heav'n did of its Attributes divest,
 And with the Spoils their Idol Lewis dress'd;
 Till MARLBRO', by Divine Appointment sent,
 Like Herod's Angel, for his Punishment,
 Humbl'd the proud Assumer, thin'd the Press
 Of his false Worshipers, made Boileau cease
 His Servile Odes——
 And from a Drudgery so vile his Muse release.

STEPNEY (Great Bard!) and MONTAGUE in Verse,
 Did our late WILLIAM's Mighty Deeds rehearse:
 And what in honour of his Name they writ,
 Will to Futurity their own transmit:
 Like Flaccus in his Odes survive the Grave,
 Or Maro in the Praise he to Augustus gave.
 But of that Prince what less cou'd either say,
 Who Britain freed from Arbitrary Sway,
 And wou'd have rescu'd Europe from his Chains
 That o'er too great a part still Lordly reigns;
 Yet left us MARLBRO', and to Him bequeath'd
 That Sword which broken Treaties had unsheath'd:
 Seeming by such Bequest all to foreknow
 That since has happen'd to the perjur'd Foe;
 To point the Man that first his Pride shou'd lower,
 And crumble in the end to dust the Gallick Power.
 Wishing this done, our Great Deliv'rer dy'd;
 And Heav'n has with his Wish in part comply'd.

* Vid. Boufflers's Letter to the French King after the Battle of Mons.

Since then that dreaded Power's almost subdu'd;
 'Twould be the height of black Ingratitude,
 A Blot to Vertue, if the Instrument
 Of Publick Good should Publick Honour want:
 Praise from you may, but cannot elevate,
 He exceeds Heroes of Ancient Date:
 If ought in Him Vain-glory cou'd have rais'd,
 'Twould be to hear Himself by COWPER prais'd:
 But Modesty, Pride's Foe, stands Centinel,
 What wou'd his Vertue tarnish to repel;
 Making his Noblest Deeds to Him appear,
 As if all Duty more than Merit were.

BUT grant, his native Modesty, to spight,
 An Air shou'd show it self that speaks Delight;
 What Cynick cou'd his Satisfaction blame,
 That hears a Tully trumpet out his Fame,
 Or on his Services Demosthenes declaim?
 But when an Orator, that far exceeds
 In speaking These, as MARLBOROUGH in Deeds
 Those they harangu'd, in Senate more August
 Than Rome or Athens could ever boast,
 Extols a Man that's Bravest in Arms,
 In such a Strain as all that hear him charms;
 Not to be puff'd, not to distend with Pride
 (By a whole Nation almost Deify'd)
 Not of Vain-glory the least Spark to show,
 Or least Concern but what from sense might flow
 Of Honour done him, surely no Record
 Example of like Vertue can afford.
 This MARLBOROUGH did; and that he might compleat
 A Character superlatively Great,
 Show that his Judgment ballances the rest
 Of those bright Qualities with which He's blest,
 Prefers the Plaudits of a Sage that knew
 What Merit is, and what to His is due,
 To what has more of Pageantry and Show,
 In Triumph thro Augusta's Streets to go

Weary'd,

Weary'd, and stun'd with Acclamations loud,
 In Vollies sent from an admiring Croud;
 That, tasteless of true Merit, only guess
 That such that comes attended with Success.

'TIS strange! a Speech from that enchanting Tongue
 That charms beyond the Power of Epick Song,
 Sung by two Poets, each his Country's Boast,
 Or him that chaunted Blissful Eden lost,
 With Circumstance of Place and Action grac'd,
 And to so nice a Judge of what's well spoke address'd,
 Strange! that all this shou'd only show a Mind
 Impassive to Applause of any kind.
 The Force of COWPER'S Eloquence invades
 Remote Recesses, solitary Shades,
 Far from the busy Road that to Preferment leads
 There with Impulse resistless moves a Swain
 (By the Court-Sun unwarm'd) to sing the Man
 Whose Words, replete with Spirit, could infuse
 Into a Villager the Language of the Muse.
 Let none of the Poetick Class admire
 That Arts, as Arms, shou'd Poesy inspire,
 Knowing its Sire is by his Office bound
 To blazon Vertue wheresoe'er 'tis found;
 And what's of Him conceiv'd, tho' closely pent
 Within the lab'ring Bosom, will have vent.
 His Vertue then, that pow'rfully inclin'd
 The Rural Muse, be to her Offspring kind,
 Pard'ning, howe'er perform'd, what is so well design'd.
 For as the rough unfashion'd Pebble found,
 And which neglected lies in barren Ground;
 Urg'd by the Steel, no longer can conceal
 Its hidden Fire, but does in Sparks reveal:
 So my rous'd Soul, and animated Sense
 Answers the Stroke of Nervous Eloquence.
 But since, GREAT ORATOR, to what is said
 By You, an Angel's Tongue can nothing add;

Since the best Panegyrick Wit can frame,
 Will hardly after Yours deserve the Name,
 But look as if That was the Common-place
 From which the Poet learn'd his Verse to grace:
 Since Armies to command by common Tie
 Of Interest join'd in one, each Grand Ally
 On MARLBOROUGH devolving all his Care,
 And Great EUGENE, his Brother of the War:
 Since the First Place to fill in Honour's Dome,
 A Sov'reign be ahead, and next to one at home:
 To sum up all; Since by a Sage like You
 To be extol'd, and to deserve it too,
 Is such a Pitch of Glory as much higher
 No laudable Ambition wou'd aspire:
 Since one that has all this, or more attain'd,
 Wou'd be by Vulgar Eulogies profan'd;
 When further Conquests, or a Solid Peace,
 From Warlike Cares the Victor shall release:
 Let ev'ry Tongue be mute, must be the Poet's Lay,
 And silent Admiration speak his Universal Praise.

F I N I S.